"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE LAST HOURS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

"I DO not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." Here is a spirit and wisdom sufficient to teach all ages modesty and reverence. "To have been the chosen sage summoned to the study of the universe, the favoured lawgiver to worlds unnumbered, the high-priest in the temple of space, was a privilege to be granted but to one member of the human family,—and to have executed the task was an achievement which in its magnitude can be measured only by the infinite in space, and in the duration of its triumph by the infinite in time. That sage—that lawgiver—that high-priest—was NEWTON." "I do not doubt," says Pope, "that his life and manners would make as great a discovery of virtue and goodness and rectitude of heart, as his works have done in penetration and the utmost stretch of human knowledge." Heretical as were his opinions on the popular dogmas of religion (the Trinity, &c.), we are in a position to say that all through his wonderful and unparalleled career of investigation and discovery, his social, moral and religious character was the subject of universal commendation. In the midst of violent controversies, both theological and philosophical, he sustained the greatest moderation, forbearance and charity. He was always candid and affable without any eccentricity, suiting himself to every company. He was a devout student of the Bible and a firm believer in revealed religion. A companion of his said, "Newton was much more solicitous in his inquiries into religion than into natural philosophy, and at a time when his understanding was at its greatest perfection." He judged no man harshly for religious differences, and abhorred religious persecution in its mildest forms. Immorality and impiety he never permitted to go unreproved. He often spoke a word of comfort and pious trust to his friends. "Thank God," said a great mathematician, "my soul is extremely quiet, in which Newton has the chief share." He was also very generous and charitable, and used to remark, "that they who gave away nothing till they died, gave away nothing at all." In his old age the reading of religious books had become an habitual occupation, and the large Bible which always lay on his table had the most of his attention. In his 80th year he had a severe attack of illness from which he never fully recovered, yet he performed a great deal of literary work after this. His last attack was stone, and those around him saw he suffered severely and experienced violent fits of pain with very brief intermission, and though drops of sweat ran down his face in these severe moments, he never uttered one complaint or displayed the least mark of impatience, but during the short intervals of relief would smile and talk with his usual cheerfulness. Dr. Mead, who had a long conversation with him on the Saturday before he died, said "his senses and his faculties then were all still vigorous." At six o'clock that evening he became insensible, and, without any apparent pain, on Monday morning, between one and two o'clock, in the 85th year of his age, he passed quietly away to dwell for ever amid scenes of transcendent joy, wisdom and sublimity at God's right hand.

A NIGHT IN THE SNOW;

OR, A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE IN JANUARY, 1866.

(Abridged and published in the *Christian Freeman* by the kind permission of the Rev. E. Donald Carr, of Woolstaston Rectory.)

THE mountains of South-west Shropshire are less known to the lovers of fine scenery than their great beauty deserves, though they are familiar to most geologists as the typical region of the lowest fossil-bearing deposits. Of this group of hills the highest is the Long Mynd, a mountain district of very remarkable character, and many miles in extent. Almost unseen in a narrow valley at the foot of the mountain, stand the village and church of Ratlinghope, the centre of a parish numbering about three hundred souls only.

Poor Ratlinghope was in sore need of some one to look after it when the living was offered to me in September 1856. It had at that time been left for many Sundays together without a service, the late incumbent residing in Shrewsbury, twelve miles distant, and being frequently prevented by ill health from coming over. The parish of Woolstaston, of which I have the charge, and in which I reside, is situated on high ground on the eastern slope of the Long Mynd, *i.e.* exactly on the opposite side of the mountain to Ratlinghope. I was aware that it would be impossible to attend to the parish as one would wish to do, with four miles of this wild hill country to cross between the two villages. Still, as no one else could be found to take it, I consented to accept the living, and do the best I could for it; so I altered my second service at Woolstaston from three o'clock in the afternoon to six, which enabled me to give an afternoon service at Ratlinghope every Sunday.

It not unfrequently happened in winter, when the snow was very deep or much drifted, that it was impossible to ride across the hill, and the expedition then had to be performed on foot; still I always managed to cross somehow, in spite of wind or weather, so that during the last eight years and a half the little mountain church has never been without one Sunday service.

During the last week of January 1866, the snow fell heavily, and accumulated on the hills to a great depth. The morning service at Woolstaston on Sunday the 29th was of necessity but thinly attended, and it seemed probable that I should not even be expected at Ratlinghope. As, however, the service there had never been omitted owing to bad weather, I was anxious to get to my little church if possible; in fact, I considered it my duty to make the attempt, though I felt very doubtful whether I should succeed.

Accordingly, very soon after morning service at Woolstaston was over, I started on the expedition. I was in such a hurry to be off that I could not stay to take my usual luncheon, but swallowed a few mouthfuls of soup, and put a small flask containing about three ounces of brandy in my pocket.

The journey proved more difficult even than I had expected. I reached my little church at a quarter-past three o'clock, just two hours and a quarter from the time I had left Woolstaston. A few people were assembled together, though no one had really expected me, and after a short service I started on my homeward journey, having refused the invitations of my kind people to stay the night amongst them, as I was anxious to get back to Woolstaston in time for my six o'clock evening service, and I did not anticipate that I should encounter any greater difficulties in my return home than I had done in coming to Ratlinghope.

During the three quarters of an hour, however, that we had been in church, the aspect of the weather had completely changed. A furious gale had come on from E.S.E. I have been in many furious gales, but never in anything to compare with that, as it took me off my legs, and blew me flat down upon the ground over and over again. The sleet too was most painful, stinging one's face and causing such injury to the eyes, that it was impossible to lift up one's head. I contrived, however, to fight my way through it, and at length reached the crest of the hill. Though I could not see many yards in any direction I knew at this time exactly where I was, as I passed the carcase of a mountain pony which I had previously noticed.

Leaving this solitary way-mark, the half-buried skeleton, by which I had rested for a few minutes and taken a little of my brandy, I started again, having first made a careful observation of the direction in which I should go. After a further struggle across the level summit of the hill I reached my second land-mark, a pool in a little hollow between the hills, which is well known to the inhabitants of the district, and interesting to naturalists; here again I took a short rest, and then started upon what I fondly dreamed would be the last difficult stage of my journey.

My way from the pool lay first up a steep ascent for rather less than half a mile to the top of the hill, and then across a level flat for some three or four hundred yards, when a fir-plantation would be reached at the edge of the enclosed ground. Once within the friendly shelter of those firs, I knew that the remainder of my walk, though still tedious and fatiguing, would be comparatively easy. It pleased God, however, that I should never reach them that night. Doubtless I had been too confident in my own powers, and at the very time when I thought the difficulties and dangers of my task were well-nigh accomplished, I was taught a lesson which I shall remember to the latest hour of my life. The storm now came on, if possible, with increased fury. It was quite impossible to look up or see for a yard around, and the snow came down thick and fast. It was, moreover, becoming very dark. After a while I became aware that the ground under my feet was of a wrong shape, sloping downwards when it should have been level, and I then knew that I had missed my way. Suddenly my feet flew from under me, and I found myself shooting at a fearful pace down the side of one of the steep ravines which I had imagined lay far away to my right.

The pace I was going in this headlong descent must have been very great, yet it seemed to me to occupy a marvellous space of time, long enough for the events of my whole previous life to pass in review before me, as I had often before heard that they did in moments of extreme peril. I never lost my consciousness, but had time to think much of those I should leave behind me, expecting every moment as I did to be dashed over the rocks at the bottom of the ravine; knew in fact that such must be my fate, unless I could stop myself by some means. With much difficulty, however, I at length succeeded in getting myself the right way up, and then descended with great care to the bottom of the ravine, intending if possible to walk along the course of the stream in its hollow till it should lead me to the enclosed country. It was now dark. I did not know into which of the ravines I had fallen, for at this part there is a complete network of them intersecting each other in every direction. The only way by which I had thought to escape was hopelessly blocked up, and I had to face the awful fact that I was lost among the hills, should have to spend the night there, and that, humanly speaking, it was almost impossible that I could survive it.

The instinct of self-preservation, however, is strong, even when a fearful death seems close at hand, and there were others for whose sake, even more than my own, I desired that night that my life might be spared, if such were God's will. I knew that, under Providence, all depended on my own powers of endurance, and that the struggle for life must be a very severe one. The depth of the snow made walking a very exhaustive effort.

Having climbed the hill, I walked along its crest for some distance, till suddenly I again lost my footing, and shot down the hill, as far as I can judge, on the opposite side into another ravine. This was, if possible, a more fearful glissade than my previous one; it was a very precipitous place, and I was whirled round and round in my descent, sometimes head first, sometimes feet first, and again sideways rolling over and over, till at last, by clutching at the gorse-bushes, and digging my feet into the snow as before, I once more managed to check my wild career, and bring myself to a stand; but I had lost my hat and a pair of warm fur-gloves, which I had on over a pair of old dogskins. The loss of these fur-gloves proved very serious to me, as my hands soon began to get so numbed

with the cold, that they were comparatively useless.

At the bottom of the ravine into which I had now fallen, I found myself again involved in snow-drifts, and had still more difficulty than before in getting out of them. I had tumbled into a very soft one far over my head, and had to fight, and scratch, and burrow for a long time before I could extricate myself, and became more exhausted than at any other time during the night. I only ventured to take my brandy very sparingly, wishing to husband it as much as possible, and there was but a very tiny drop left. My hands, as I have said, were so numbed with cold as to be nearly useless. I tried to supply the place of my hat by tying my handkerchief over my head, but found that by no possible effort could I make a knot, and that I could only keep it on my head by holding the corners between my teeth. It was equally impossible to re-fasten my overcoat, only a thin tweed (for I had dressed lightly, in expectation of hard exercise), which had become unbuttoned in my last fall. It may seem absurd to mention it, but the cravings of hunger grew so keen, stimulated as they were by the cold and the great exertion, that it actually occurred to me whether I could eat one of my old dog-skin gloves. I was, however, deterred from making the attempt, partly by the prospect of its toughness, and partly by the fear of greater injury to my hands from frost-bite, if they were deprived of their last covering. My exhaustion was so great that I fell down every two or three steps, and the temptation to give in and lie down in the snow became almost irresistible, and had to be struggled against with every power of mind and body. I endeavoured to keep constantly before me the certain fact, that if sleep once overcame me I should never wake again in this life. The night seemed interminably long.

Never did shipwrecked mariner watch for the morning more anxiously than did I through that weary, endless night, for I knew that a glimpse of the distance in any one direction would enable me to steer my course homewards. Day dawned at last, but hope and patience were to be yet further tried, for a dense fog clung to the face of the hill, obscuring everything but the objects close at hand. Furthermore, I discovered that I was rapidly becoming snow-blind. My eyes, which had been considerably injured already by the sharp sleet of the evening before, were further affected by the glare of the snow, and I was fast losing all distinctness of vision. I first learned the extent of this new calamity when endeavouring, with the earliest light, to look at my watch. It was a work of great difficulty to get it out of my pocket; and when this was done, I found that I could not tell the face from the back. The whole thing was hazy and indistinct, and I can only describe it as looking like an orange seen through a mist. Owing to my failing eyesight, my falls became very frequent, and several of them were from heights so great that it would scarcely be believed were I to attempt to describe them.

When the morning light first dawned, I could see that I was walking along the side of a ravine of great depth, and more than usually perpendicular sides; it was so steep that I could not climb to the top of the ridge and get out of it, and the snow was in such a very loose, soft state, that I expected every moment it would give way beneath me, and I should be precipitated into the depths below. I had to walk with the greatest care to prevent this; and I believe that this was a very good thing for me, as it gave my mind complete occupation, and kept me from flagging. Though perfectly familiar with this part of the Long Mynd, I was so blind at this time, and everything looked so strange, that I did not in the least recognize my position. Finding I did not get on very well, I determined now to try whether I could walk or crawl down the actual stream itself where it had hollowed its way underneath the drifts which overhung it, making a sort of low-arched tunnel, which I thought worth trying. I soon found, however, that this was quite impracticable, and that if I went on I should either be suffocated or hopelessly imbedded in the snow, and that then my utmost efforts would fail to extricate me.

Retracing my steps, I determined

once more to leave the stream and make for the higher ground. But a new misfortune now befell me: I lost my boots. They were strong laced boots, without elastic sides, or any such weak points about them. I had observed before that one was getting loose, but was unable to do anything to it from the numbness of my hands; and after struggling out of a deep drift previous to re-ascending the hill, I found that I had left this boot behind. There was nothing for it but to go on without, and as my feet were perfectly numbed from the cold and devoid of feeling, I did not experience any difficulty or pain on this account. That boot was afterwards found on a ledge of rock near the waterfall. I soon after lost the other one, or rather I should say it came off, and I could not get it on again, so I carried it in my hand some time, but lost it in one of my many severe falls.

And so for hours I walked on in my stockings without inconvenience. Even when I trod upon gorse bushes, I did not feel it, as my feet had become as insensible as my hands. It had occurred to me now that I might be in the Carding Mill valley, and that I would steer my course on that supposition. It was fortunate that I did so, for I was beginning to think that I could not now hold out much longer, and was struggling in a part where the drifts were up nearly to my neck, when I heard what I had thought never to hear again—the blessed sound of human voices, children's voices, talking and laughing, and apparently sliding not very far off. I called to them with all my might, but judge of my dismay when sudden and total silence took the place of the merry voices I had so lately heard! I shouted again and again, and said that I was lost, but there was no reply. It was a bitter disappointment, something like that of the sailor shipwrecked on a desert island, who sees a sail approaching and thinks that he is saved, when as he gazes the vessel shifts her course and disappears on the horizon, dashing his hopes to the ground. It appeared, as I learned afterwards, that these children saw *me*, though I could not see them, and ran away terrified at my unearthly aspect. Doubtless the head of a man protruding from a deep snow drift, crowned and bearded with ice like a ghastly emblem of winter, was a sight to cause a panic among children, and one cannot wonder that they ran off to communicate the news that "there was the bogie in the snow." Happily, however, for the bogie, he had noticed the direction from which these voices came, and struggling forward again, I soon found myself sufficiently near to the Carding Mill to recognize the place, blind as I was. A little girl now ventured to approach me, as, true to the instincts of her nature, the idea dawned upon her that I was no goblin of the mountains, no disagreeable thing from a world beneath popped up through the snow, but a real fellow-creature in distress. I spoke to her and told her that I was the clergyman of Ratlinghope, and had been lost in the snow on the hill all night. As she did not answer at once, I suppose she was taking a careful observation of me, for after a few moments she said, "Why, you look like Mr. Carr of Woolstaston." "I am Mr. Carr," I replied; whereupon the boys, who had previously run away, and, as I imagine, taken refuge behind the girl, came forward and helped me on to the little hamlet, only a few yards distant, where some half-dozen cottages are clustered together round the Carding Mill.

The good kind people at the Carding Mill, you may be sure, soon gathered round me in sympathizing wonder, and I was quickly supplied with such comforts as they could give. I told them that I had had scarcely anything to eat since breakfast the day before (as I had been too much hurried to eat my luncheon before starting to Ratlinghope), and so tea and bread and butter were at once provided. I was also provided at the Carding Mill with a hat, boots, and dry stockings.

Of course my adventure excited great interest when it was fully understood what had happened to me. It was just two o'clock in the afternoon when I reached that place, and as I had left Ratlinghope at four o'clock on the previous afternoon, I had been walking uninterruptedly for twenty-two hours.

I started in a fly on my homeward journey. Very slow was our progress. Most trying was the long delay thus caused to a man who knew that in his own home he must probably be reckoned among the dead; but there was no help for it. This news reached the village about half an hour before I could get up there myself, and as may be supposed there was great rejoicing. So completely had all hope of my safety been given up, that to my people it seemed almost like a resurrection from the dead.

I trust that no one who may chance to read this narrative of mine will ever be placed in a similar position; but should it so happen, I hope that the remembrance of my adventure will occur to them; for surely it teaches as plainly as anything can, that even in the most adverse circumstances no one need ever despair; and shews how an individual of no unusual physical powers may, by God's help, resist the overwhelming temptation to sleep which is usually so fatal to those who are lost in the snow.

[The whole of the narrative is published by Nisbet and Co., London, at 1*s*., and may be had of Whitfield, Green & Son, 178, Strand, or any bookseller. The profits will be devoted to the restoration of Woolstaston Church.]

CHURCH MUSIC.

Music corresponds to affection. That is to say, it *is* in its essence and beginnings nothing else than good and pure affection. We do not need to hear the words which the mother utters when she hushes her babe to rest, in order to know that they are dictated by gentle and tender feelings. The sweet soft tones of her voice tell the whole story. So is it if one is frightened or angry; it is not necessary to listen to what he says in order to be apprised of the fact. No matter by what emotions a person may be actuated, unless he makes a special effort at dissimulation, they will be betrayed in his tones. So the tones express affections. The sound, as such, springs directly from the affections; and music, which consists of tones or sounds as such, variously combined and modulated to please the ear, is pre-eminently the language of the affections. Its first, and indeed almost its only appeal, is indisputably to the feelings. As we listen to its strains, they do not awaken, except sometimes by the power of association, any distinct train of thought, but they often do arouse the most vivid, though undefined, emotions. What army cannot bear witness to the power of martial music? The unreasoning voice of the trumpet is frequently more potent than all the appeals and arguments of the most skilled commander. How cold would seem the most earnest words of the preacher, were it not for the sweet accompaniment of the singers and organ! Oftentimes we may not know what they say to us, but if they speak with the voice of melody, truly religious, and consonant with our highest states and feeling, they come to our hearts with peace and refreshment, although not reaching them through the natural pathway of the understanding. Music, therefore, is born of the affections, and ministers to the affections.

Hence its distinctive function in the Church service is to exalt the emotional part of our nature—to lift up the feelings to the throne of mercy and truth, and thus to quicken our love to the Lord and one another. If we were as we should be, the singing would be the spontaneous outpouring of that love.

Granting that music is the natural language of affection, granting also that singing in religious exercises is, or ought to be, peculiarly the expression of love to God, the conclusion inevitably follows that the sound should go forth from as many lips as possible. That the music should be technically of a high order, is of absolutely no consequence in comparison with the voluntary joining of a whole congregation in songs of praise to their Creator and Redeemer. That the singing should be in all respects even musically correct, is but a secondary object. One who is throwing the best affections of his heart into his utterances of love and thankfulness to God, will not be likely to be troubled by the defects of his neighbours. It would seem as if no act of worship could be equally well performed by proxy.

There seems to be all the greater need of calling attention to these principles, because the general tendency in our community at the present time is in the

opposite direction. Instead of being a universal gush of feeling from the congregation, the music is usually given up altogether to four or eight persons, hired for the purpose, and not always having any sympathy with the sentiments of humility and adoration to which they are expected to give expression. If the foregoing views are correct with regard to the true character and object of church singing, then surely there could hardly be a greater perversion than this. Worship by the legitimate method of music and song is degraded into a mere fine performance. A handful of strangers sing to the people; and the people listen, and are entertained by such artistic skill, while He in whose name all this is done is nearly or quite forgotten. Better the rudest and harshest accents of a body of true worshipers, than the most honeyed notes of the professional musician who sings but as a matter of form or business!

The singing of no choir, however excellent, can take the place of that of a whole congregation. The congregation should be impressed with the importance of the subject, so as to be ready to do its part. In order to unite as they ought in the song service, the people must be in the first place inspired with the feelings which seek expression in song. But if the spirit of song and the desire to sing are in the congregation, it will be less difficult for them to lift up their voices, whenever opportunity is offered, than to refrain. Whatever may be the present aspect of affairs in any church, true principles teach us that we ought never to rest satisfied until there shall be, at least during some part of every religious service, a spontaneous outpouring of the affections of all the worshipers in songs from their own lips. It may take time to attain this result, but no church should rest content until this result is attained.

HOW WE BUILT OUR UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

In writing this title, my mind is taken back some forty years in my life. I seem to live over again the days long passed, and to have around me forms which have long since departed. Dear, dear me! How different things and people were then! There were but a few houses down in the clough there; a few more, the Fold we called them, at the foot of the large, long hill which stretched out northwards for a couple of miles; two or three farm-houses on the slope to the east, and here and there a snug homestead belonging to the better sort of folks in the valley that opened to the south. There were very few people, and we were all neighbours together,—knew everybody, and never passed any one without a few neighbourly words. Most of us had our work at home, spinning or weaving by hand. We got it from Churchtown, a small country town on a hill-side about three miles away. Ah! well do I remember carrying many a load all that way on "Padding-day," so called, I suppose, because we had to *pad* or walk the distance; and well do I remember also the pleasant jaunts which we had on a Saturday afternoon when some dozen of us—young, strong, hearty and merry—went to Churchtown to see the sights and enjoy the bustle of a market-day! But most of all do I remember with a sober joy our pleasant walks home. The only lamps in those days which illuminated the darkness, were those which were hung in the heavens and lighted by the good God. So when nights were dark there was always a tacit agreement that we should wait for one another at "The Tup," the last public-house on our side of the town. When we had all arrived we set out home like a little caravan of travellers. The men generally had bags of flour hung over their shoulders, and big baskets on their arms containing the week's stock of groceries and a bit of meat for Sunday's dinner. The women, in large bonnets and long red cloaks reaching down to the heels of their good strong boots or clogs, carried small parcels of drapery or some other of the thousand things required for a large family—most of them had large families in our clough. Well, while the old people were trudging along in small groups, we youngsters would be behind larking, laughing and singing. We thought we were famous singers, and at "Vital Spark" and "Job's Anthem," which we always sang at funerals, we reckoned ourselves first mark. "Good company is as good as a coach," the old

proverb says, and what with fun and jollity and singing, we always found our journey from Churchtown very short and very pleasant.

I have mentioned our singing—well, it is this which brings me to the beginning of my story. There was no Sunday-school in our village in those days where we might profitably spend our time, and we were as ready in finding excuses to stay away from church then as people are now. But we made a compromise with conscience in this way. On a Sunday afternoon quite a number of us met at old Ben Lowe's, and spent two or three hours in singing psalm-tunes and anthems. We had a few instruments amongst us also, and without prejudice I do believe we could and did get through our pieces with more precision, spirit and harmony than could be shewn by many of your grand church choirs and organs. But that is by the way. Old Ben's was a large house and its door was open to any one, so that we generally had quite a large gathering of neighbours. We knew only two or three hymns of each metre, so that we could sing the favourite hymns twice over at least, which we always did, and we always ended up with the Old Hundredth Psalm and tune. Well, George Lumb, my partner in the tenor, was a little given to reading. He bought a book of Watts's Hymns, and he would have us sing out of it, he reading a verse at a time. He did it so nicely that Betty Lowe proposed that he should also read a chapter out of her old Bible. George blushed and demurred, but was so pressed on all sides that at last he gave way, and ever after that the chapter was read every Sunday, and we all felt it a great improvement on our old way, and many said it was a great comfort too. Time went on. Several old people died. Great changes were made in the valley. A factory was built on the Bourn Side for the cotton manufacture. New houses were built; fresh people came amongst us; and there began to be rumours of a railway right down the centre of Boggart Clough. A new spirit seemed to come upon us. George Lumb was delighted, and talked of nothing but getting new books and going to hear famous preachers; and so thoroughly in earnest was he that he infused into us some of his own enthusiasm. One day he came to our old meeting-place with a face radiant with a glorious smile. The day before he had been to the town right away over the Tops, and had met with a book containing a sermon or two by William Ellery Channing, of America. He read one to us, and we were all deeply impressed by it. Its doctrine was new, its style simple and clear, its subject understandable, and its spirit attractive. We determined to have all he had got read to us, and to buy others if we could. We clubbed our money together, and sent him to town again. He brought back with him several copies of "Self-culture" and "Elevation of the Labouring Classes," and we read them with delighted interest. We resolved to benefit by them and to cultivate the powers with which we were endowed. We formed a Society, called the "Channing Society," to meet on a Sunday evening, to which we invited the friends who met us at the singing. We also got some of the young men from the new factory to join us. Our Society increased. Channing was read every week, and every week we were better for what we had read. Calvinism, in which most of us had been brought up,—that is, those who professed to belong to any Christian church,—begun to appear hideous to us, and we at length broke with it altogether. The Baptist minister in Boggart Clough preached against us, but that only brought others to us, and deprived him of several of his most useful members. Our little valley became strangely agitated, and discussions were frequent. Some we lamented: some were so temperately conducted that we felt truth had been made clearer and dearer to us all.

But to meet and read and converse for our own good only seemed selfish. Owing to the factory and other works around us population had much increased, and there was a large number of children who did not go to any school or chapel. We determined to open a Sunday-school and make George Lumb into the conductor, as he was the first to start the idea.

We rented a cottage, and then made our project known throughout the village. It was a very humble affair if you looked at the mere building and the very primi-

tive furniture and slender stock of books, but it was a very noble enterprize if you looked at the spirit and zeal which first started and then carried it on to what it has since become. Of course our little cause flourished, as every cause will which has for its promoters only a few really earnest and God-fearing men. Their spirit is contagious, and before they are aware of it others are infected with their enthusiasm, and throw their influence into the movement. So was it now. Our rooms were filled every Sunday with scholars, and our staff of teachers was increased by the addition to our number of several of the new comers. Our "Channing Society" now met in the upper room of the cottage, and as we had several new members we made our meetings more like ordinary religious services. Our rooms became too small, and we began to talk of building a place for ourselves. We took a plot of ground. We were our own architects, builders, carpenters and glaziers. Some of the new comers laughed at us and our chapel, and teazingly asked us what style it was. We told them "the Faith-cum-Worktian style," but if they could shew us a better we would build our next on their plan. This generally settled them. For many years things went on in a very humble way. We looked up to our friend George as our head and minister, though we all took our turns in conducting the various meetings. We had many meetings for religious improvement, because many of our friends had belonged to some place of worship where class-meetings, &c., were matters of course. I believe much good was done by these homely gatherings. I believe a religious life was kindled and fostered in many a breast which but for them would never have glowed with heavenly ardour; and the result was a united band of brothers and sisters whose fervent piety and unwearied zeal it would be, I think, all but impossible to equal in the whole country. One feature there was, and I well remember it to this day as one of the most blessed and affecting of our little community,—it was the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Not seeing any peculiar sanctity in priestly hands and robes, we thought George could dispense the bread and wine with as much unction as any one; and I believe he did it with more than many. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, had an immense head with straight black hair, a large piercing eye and a rich full voice. He had a very broad way of speaking, and his tone had in it the peculiar ring of the dialect of that part of the country. He would not have been allowed to preach in some places, but we loved him, and would not have exchanged him, with all his faults, for the most polished, refined and correct gentleman that could be turned out of your colleges. Well, I say, at this service of the Lord's Supper he was particularly solemn and impressive, and his simple prayers and homely addresses stirred the depths of our souls and caused to germinate many a seed of goodness. But, alas! what we most loved was beyond our power to keep. George seemed to grow old before his time; we always said he killed himself with going over the Tops so much to preach at several places similar to our own, but he never would have it so. But, poor man! he sickened and died, and we laid him outside our little chapel with as genuine a sorrow as ever was felt for any church dignitary.

Our next step was to fill, as best we could, the place left vacant by the lamented George. We were now richer in this world's goods than we were when we begun our little cause. Some of us had become master-masons, others little manufacturers, and so on, so that we could afford to engage a minister to give his whole time to the needs of our members. This we did, and were blessed in our choice by a young man who entered heartily into our work, and carried it on to yet greater success. His earnestness revived ours. Soon our old place became much too small, and a new chapel begun to be talked of. I need not tell how willingly all contributed towards the building; let me only just say how every one seemed to vie with his neighbour in self-sacrifice. For months and months, weavers, mechanics, masons and labourers, cheerfully contributed their mites, till at last, with the help of a friend or two, we had a neat, commodious chapel raised, in which we now worship the God of our fathers after the way that some call heresy, but which *we* know brings us peace and joy and blessedness.

PACIFIC CHRISTIANS.

The following articles were drawn up by John Locke for a Christian society when he was in Holland:

1. We think nothing necessary to be known or believed for salvation but what God hath revealed.

2. We therefore embrace all those who in sincerity receive the word of truth revealed in the Scripture, and obey the light which enlightens every man that comes into the world.

3. We judge no man in meats and drinks or habits or days, or any other outward observances, but leave every one to his freedom in the use of those outward things which he thinks can most contribute to build up the inward man in righteousness, holiness and the true love of God and his neighbour in Christ Jesus.

4. If any one find any doctrinal parts of Scripture difficult to be understood, we recommend him—first, the study of the Scriptures in humility and singleness of heart; second, prayer to the Father of light, to enlighten him; third, obedience to what is already revealed to him, remembering that the practice of what we do know, is the surest way to more knowledge—our infallible Guide having told us, "If any man will do the will of Him that sent me, he shall know of the doctrine;" fourth, we leave him to the advice and assistance of those whom he thinks best able to instruct him,—no men, or society of men, having any authority to impose their opinions or interpretation on any other, even the meanest Christian; since in matters of religion every man must know and believe and give an account of himself.

5. We hold it to be an indispensable duty for all Christians to maintain love and charity in the diversity of contrary opinions: by which charity we do not mean an empty sound, but an effectual forbearance and goodwill, carrying men to a communion, friendship and mutual assistance, one of another in outward as well as spiritual things; and by debarring all magistrates from making use of their authority, much less their sword, in matters of faith and worship.

6. Since the Christian religion we profess is not a national science to furnish speculation to the brain or discourse to the tongue, but a rule of righteousness to influence our lives, Christ having given himself to redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a people zealous of good works, we profess the only business of our public assemblies to be to exhort thereunto, laying aside all controversy and speculative questions; instruct and encourage one another in the duties of a good life, which is acknowledged to be the great business of true religion; and to pray God for the assistance of His Spirit for the enlightening our understanding and subduing our corruptions, that so we may return unto Him a reasonable and acceptable service, and shew our faith by our works, proposing to ourselves and others the example of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as the pattern for our imitation.

7. One alone being our Master, even Christ, we acknowledge no masters of our assembly; but if any man in the spirit of love, peace and meekness, has a word of exhortation, we hear him.

8. Nothing being so oppressive or having proved so fatal to unity, love and charity, the first great characteristical duties of Christianity, as men's fondness of their own opinions and their endeavours to set them up and have them followed, instead of the gospel of peace; to prevent those seeds of dissension and division, and maintain unity in the difference of opinions which we know cannot be avoided, if any one appear contentious, abounding in his own sense rather than in love, and desirous to draw followers after himself with destruction and opposition to others, we judge him not to have learned Christ as he ought, and therefore not fit to be a teacher of others.

9. Decency and order in our assemblies being directed, as they ought, to edification, can need but very few and plain rules. Time and place of meeting being settled, if anything else need regulation, the assembly itself, or four of the ancientest, soberest and discreetest of the brethren, chosen, shall regulate it.

10. From every brother that, after admonition, walketh disorderly, we withdraw ourselves.

11. We each of us think it our duty to propagate the doctrine and practice of universal goodwill and obedience on all occasions as God shall give us opportunity.

UNITARIAN CHURCH, DUBLIN.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH,

ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN.

[A *steel engraving* of the interior and exterior of the Unitarian church, Southampton, in the form of a Supplement, may be expected by our readers next month.]

This church was erected about three years since by the congregation previously worshiping in Strand Street. The meeting-house in Strand Street was built in 1764, previous to which the congregation had worshiped in Wood Street, closely adjoining St. Patrick's cathedral. It is the oldest Dissenting congregation in Dublin, having been originally composed of English Puritans who settled in that city about the year 1570. Among its early ministers was a chaplain of Henry Cromwell, when Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and before him it enjoyed for a time the services of Dr. Owen, a chaplain of Oliver himself, and perhaps one of the most celebrated of the Puritan or Independent divines. In 1662, when the glorious Two Thousand resigned their livings in the Church of England rather than subscribe obnoxious articles of religion, Dublin was not without contributing its share of noble-minded confessors, amongst whom were the Provost, two Senior and five Junior Fellows of Trinity College, and the ministers of several of the leading parish churches. Many members of the churches in which these men had officiated adhered to them in their Nonconformity, by reason of which, besides a large accession of numbers to Wood-Street congregation, several new congregations of Protestant Dissenters were founded. With some of these, Wood Street, although itself Puritan in its origin and Independent in its antecedents, joined in a friendly union for common interests, to which union in process of time the name "Presbytery" was given, but differing in most important elements, especially in the great principle of non-subscription to creeds, from the Presbyterian government and discipline of the Scotch; and all distinction between Presbyterian and Independent seems to have been lost in the general term Nonconformist or Protestant Dissenter, the first pastor they chose after Henry Cromwell's chaplain being one of the ejected Fellows of Trinity College, the next, one of the ejected Two Thousand from this country. After him, another English Presbyterian, the Rev. Daniel Williams, afterwards the founder of the Redcross-Street Library in London. During his ministry was the first symptom in Dublin of that doctrinal development which has universally taken place where the Puritan principle has been carried out in its integrity, and men have been left free to think and judge of the Scripture message for themselves. It had for some time been manifesting itself here and there among the English Presbyterians, and now Thomas Emlyn, an English Dissenter, and whose name must ever be cherished among the Unitarian body as a noble confessor of their truth, having accepted the joint pastoral charge of the congregation, and having, in consequence of some private discussions with some of his congregation on the subject of the Trinity, published his celebrated work on the Nature of Christ, was subjected to the severest persecution, and received the iniquitous sentence of imprisonment for twelve months as a blasphemer, and a fine of such exorbitant amount as practically to involve imprisonment for life. This was in the year 1703. Emlyn was a minister greatly beloved by his people, and during his confinement he preached every Lord's-day to many members of his congregation, who (to their everlasting honour be it recorded) assembled in the prison to hear him. The seed of truth was thus sown in their hearts, and grew up in their affections, nurtured by the sufferings of the man they loved; and of this, not quite thirty years after, the congregation gave the best practical proof, by supplying his colleague's place by one who, in concert with noted and recorded Unitarians, had long headed the great struggles then taking place for religious independence in the North of Ireland, and whom they knew (to use the words of his biographer) "to be very much reproached as utterly unsound in his religious principles." This man, the Rev. John Abernethy, was justly considered one of the brightest ornaments of the Presbyterian church in Ireland. From his time, in 1730, free inquiry and consequent progress have been the characteristic of a long series of eminent divines

and enlightened laymen of this congregation, who have assisted one another in the search and maintenance of what they believed to be the truth of Christ, till gradually Unitarian doctrine has become their grand apparent congregational feature. After Mr. Abernethy, the successive pastors have been, Rev. Dr. Duchal, Rev. Samuel Bruce, Rev. John Mears (during whose ministry the church in Strand Street was built), Rev. Dr. Moody, Rev. Thomas Plunket (father of the late Lord Plunket), Rev. Dr. Bruce, Rev. James Armstrong (father of the present pastor), and Rev. Dr. Drummond, who was appointed pastor in 1815, and survived until a few months since. The present pastor, Rev. George Allman Armstrong, was appointed in 1841.

The church in Stephen's Green was opened for public worship on the 14th of June, 1863, by the Rev. Wm. James, of Bristol. The cost, including site, which is one of the best and most prominent in the city, was £7000.

ONE FAITH AMONG MANY CREEDS.

By A. F. Macdonald, M.A.

If religion were a tangled wilderness through which there was no highway—if it were a dark and disputed mystery on which there was no agreement—then Christianity would be a failure. When God sets up a light for the nations, we may be sure no hand of man can put it out. If, then, no light is given out, it is not the doing of God; it is not *His* revelation. There must be something actually communicated and agreed upon, if we are to have religion a lamp for our feet and a light for our path. We should expect that the religion essential to man would not be a doubtful and disputed thing, an uncertain sound, an ambiguous oracle, but a clear and steady light, so that he who runs might see it, and the simple-minded could not mistake it. Surely there must somewhere be this agreement, even though it does not appear on the surface? There must be a religion of truth and simplicity accessible to every honest heart that seeks it. There must, in some sense and in some way, be a unity of the Church, the oneness of all good men and true.

The differences among the professed believers of Christianity are a serious perplexity to all inquiring minds, more especially to the young and inexperienced: they are a hindrance to all, as they waste power that might be more usefully directed: while we are combatting about difficulties and obscurities, the duties of life are apt to be forgotten. Those differences have always yielded a handle to unbelief and an apology to indifference. "Settle among yourselves what Christianity is," say they, "before you urge it on our acceptance." The argument arising from differences has been used by Christians against each other; thus a learned and ingenious French prelate has written a book called the "Variations of Protestantism," to shew, of course, that a heterogeneous set of opposing systems and opinions cannot be the one true faith once delivered to the saints. Protestants have replied, that the Church of Rome is not without her variations also. Evidently the pressure of the difficulty has been felt.

Great must be the ignorance and self-complacency, not to say self-conceit, of the man who can believe that if there be twelve or twenty different interpretations of religion—or rather of theology—his sect and his creed are the only true ones. For our own sake, then, and for the satisfaction of our own minds, it would be desirable to find ourselves in harmony rather than at difference with others. If there are several and various religions, it is possible they may be all wrong; but clearly there are many chances against any one proving exclusively the right one. But if there be one great common faith and common religion of all good men, it is possible we may all be sharers in it; we may all be nearer together than we think or suspect. If there are certain great common principles to which all Christians would give their assent, when they forget their shibboleths and their catechisms, then these common principles are the faith once delivered to the saints, the primitive Christianity, "the one faith, one Lord, one baptism of the Spirit, one God and Father of all."

Now there are such common principles, and they can be stated without any reference to the differences which have divided the Christian world.

1. We all agree—Christians of every name and denomination, whatever may be our other or minor differences, yet we all agree—in the existence of God, and that he is just and good, wise and holy. He governs the universe. There is a moral government of the world. We are under law to God. And he will judge every one of us according to our true character. These principles are of unspeakable value, and there is no difference respecting them.

God is our Father, and all men are our brethren. He hates nothing that he has made. He is the lover of souls. The meek and quiet spirit before him is of great price. His spirit, his sympathy, his help, is with us in everything that is good; he is against us only in evil. If we fall into sin, we have forgiveness when we turn from it. We owe all to his free bounty, both for this world and for that which is to come.

2. It is comfortable to think that, on the great leading truths respecting the Divine nature, there is no discordant voice. On the doctrine of human nature we are also agreed. Man is capable of good and evil—of sin and holiness. There is such a thing as conscience, or some power of distinguishing right from wrong. This power needs to be educated. Our honour and glory is to follow our sense of right. Yet man has sinned. We are frail, sinful, imperfect creatures; doing oft the things we ought not to do, and leaving undone what we ought to have done. Sin is the great evil, the bane and ruin of our nature. So long as we continue in sin, we can have no communion with God; and, so long as we love sin, there can be for us no heaven of purity.

3. On the doctrine respecting Christ there is also a substantial agreement. Jesus taught and loved the truth. He shewed us what manner of men we should aim to be. We are his disciples if we keep his commandments. He was a messenger of God, even as a beneficent angel of heaven going about doing good upon earth. God speaks to us through Creation, Providence and Conscience; through all the holy and excellent of earth He is speaking to us; He spoke to us pre-eminently through the Christ. Jesus was the image of God on earth. God was *with* him, and *in* him; even God our Father. The divine was in Christ; and he is the meeting-point of the divine and human. His labours, teaching, suffering and death, were for the world's salvation, according to the will of God. When by wicked hands he was crucified and slain, God raised him up, and took him to himself; and Jesus, passing into the world of invisibility, is the indication and the promise of human immortality.

4. We are as one on the doctrine of Salvation. Holiness is the salvation. We are saved not *in* our sins, but *from* our sins. Salvation is likeness to God—resemblance to Christ. And we owe all to the mercy of God, and not to the merit of man. And there is no creature-merit before God. And the Christ is the instrument or medium of salvation; while we owe all ultimately to the benevolence of God, to the loving-kindness of the Father in heaven. God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself. We have to accept the truth by faith, and turn from sin by repentance, and grow in grace, and learn of Christ, and unfold the Christian character; building ourselves up in all excellence, for without holiness no man shall see the Lord.

5. On the great outlines of Duty there has happily been no serious disagreement. Even when Christian sects have differed about what is to be believed, they have been at one respecting what is to be done. Whatever erroneous doctrines any sect may have been supposed by the other sects to hold, yet there has been no preaching of known immorality, no denial and no repeal of the great duties that bind us all (whatever may be our opinions on speculative points) to Justice, Benevolence, Truth, Uprightness, Honesty, Sobriety, Purity, Self-command, Humanity, Pity, Honour and Piety. From all sides of the Christian community these have commanded universal assent. Is it not much that the law of Duty is one to us all? To do good to all men as we have opportunity—to do as we would be done to—to love God and our neighbour. Suppose that we differed far more than we do on speculative doctrines, yet here is the great point secured; the laws of Duty, practical Christianity, to trust God, and try to make ourselves and the world better.

6. How do we gain strength to do our duty—the moral power to put the machinery in motion? Here again we receive a clear response from all directions. We must earnestly strive to do what is right, and God helps us in the measure that we are faithful. There is a Holy Spirit ever near us to help our infirmities, if only we are true and faithful to our best light. But that Holy Spirit gives nothing to indolence, and carelessness, and unfaithfulness. Heaven helps them that help themselves. God acting upon man, the divine acting on the human; in other words, the doctrine of a Holy Spirit greater than our spirits, has ever been the trust and the experience of the pious. Thus we are as one not only in the matter of duty—the great rules of life—but also on that other point of hardly less importance, how we are to perform it. We see the work to be done, and we know where to find the tools and the strength to do that work.

7. And to refer to only one other head of argument—we all take Scripture as the record or outward testimony to Religion, the historic register of Christianity, whence we derive the facts of the life of Christ, and see the development of religious thought, and appropriate what comes home to our own moral nature. The authority of Scripture rests on the truth which it contains; it is to be interpreted by our natural faculties of reason, common sense, conscience, aided by all the lights of the past and the present accessible to us; and Nature, Scripture and Conscience, when properly understood, must ever be found to harmonize.

8. Such are some of the grand leading agreements among all Christian men. It cannot then be said that Christianity has settled nothing, that we are at war on every point. On the contrary, we are agreed. We agree on all the main points—on the doctrine respecting God, the doctrine respecting man—the Christ—the way of Salvation—the law of Duty—the strength to perform it—the doctrine of the Holy Spirit—and the place, authority and value of Scripture. Are not these great and substantial agreements far more important than our differences? Our differences are not denied, they are on the surface; but underneath are our agreements, and they are not less real, and they are far more important. We can afford to differ on many subordinate points, since we agree on the most essential. We may differ about the Threeness of God, but we are all agreed in the clearer and higher truths of his oneness and goodness. We may differ about what theologians have called the hypostatical union, or how the two natures met in Christ; but we agree in the moral excellence of Jesus, we accept him as the interpreter of God to us, the revealer of the Father, and his spirit and his example living in us *are* our religion. How comparatively unimportant are the differences respecting the person of the Christ, seeing we are as one respecting his spirit, his example, his commandments of duty, and all acknowledge that our Christianity is to be pure as he was pure.

9. The sinfulness of man is not denied, the deep depravity that oft profanes a nature made for God and goodness. None can surely be blind to the crimes and miseries and follies and iniquities that, alas! too much abound in a land of Bibles and face to face with Christianity. And narrowing our survey, and looking into the little world of our own hearts, we all feel the truth of what the apostle has said: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." But while we look at one side of our nature and acknowledge human depravity, let us not deny the other side,—man's capacity for a godlike and glorious virtue.

10. And if we are agreed in ascribing salvation to the goodness of God as its cause, and recognizing Christ as the medium, the channel of conveyance, by his life, his teaching, his example, his suffering and faithfulness even unto death, we may stop and not inquire farther into the philosophy of the plan of salvation—and be satisfied, if even we do not know the whole of the *manner* in which God saves us—whether vicariously, meritoriously, imputatively or inherently. Why should we seek curiously to know the whole of the way in which God saves us? It might minister curious questions rather than godly edifying. As we receive the benefit of food, without knowing the entire process of digestion, or how it is that food sustains us, so may

we receive all the spiritual benefits of Christianity, without comprehending the entire process of the soul's deliverance from evil.

11. And surely when the grand outlines of Duty are fixed, the highest thing is gained. Wherever Christ's religion is spread, kindness, pureness, truth, peace and goodwill, are consecrated as the virtues that adorn the man and the Christian. And is this not much in a world cursed by despotism, imbruted by ignorance, blighted by slavery, desolated by war, and saddened by man's inhumanity to man? Is it not much to bring light through the Book to the darkened intellect and the unawakened conscience? Some doctrines may be difficult to grasp, but we all know what we should do. O! if we only acted up to our knowledge! Is it not an infinite boon to the world to publish the great outlines of Duty, for the awakening of some consciences, for the guidance of others, for the strengthening of all?

12. And as the power to *do* our duty is as necessary as the power to *know* it, and the one naturally follows the other, how assuring are the consenting voices of the Church on every side, when they proclaim that it is by moral faithfulness that we come to God: he giveth grace to the humble, his mercy is upon us as we trust in him, he withholds not his Holy Spirit from them that ask him, and thus it is by faithfully using the light and strength that we have that we attain to more.

13. And Scripture, the Book, the Record, is made the handmaid and helper of our reason and conscience; and in the elder and in the later Scripture, the written Bible of the Hebrews and the unwritten Book of Creation, we have the text and the commentary which reveal to us God, and ourselves, and our duty, and our destination.

14. Again we say, such are the agreements of all Christian men. We throw back the taunt of "first settle among yourselves what Christianity is, before you press it on our acceptance." We reply, it is settled. There is a grand and undisputable, or at least undisputed, religion assented to by us all. He that runs may read it, the simple can understand it. It demands no profound learning, no ponderous commentaries to explain it, no counsels of Popes or Bishops to settle it — but it requires a simple and honest heart to take it in and obey it. And then, in the words of the apostle, "There is one Body, and one Spirit, one Hope, one Lord, one Truth, one (Spiritual) Baptism, and one God and Father of all."

Let us, in conclusion, glance at some of the benefits which flow from this view of our religion.

1st. It puts us into accord with all our fellow-believers and fellow-christians. In holding to these great principles and obeying them, we feel that we are members of the Holy Catholic, even the Universal Church. We are not contesting for some little peculiarities of our own, but we are contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. We are battling for no special and private interpretation of our own, but for the great common faith of Christendom. We feel that our faith is re-enforced by this common consent. While no outward authority can override our individual conscience, or be a substitute for it, yet our individual conscience is strengthened when we find ourselves in harmony with others,—with the great multitude of earnest men of every sect and name. What nearly all assent to is far more likely to be true, than what is the special profession and possession of a few. This takes the conceit out of little sectarianisms. Subtract what is peculiar to the sect, and you reach the great common faith of Christians. What has the Bible, what has Christianity deposited in the human mind, during all those eighteen centuries of their intercourse? We answer—those great spiritual faiths held in common. Let us not think of our differences only, let us also remember our agreements. Why should you note the discords only, and not the harmonies of that grand chorus of voices composed of the Church Universal, rising upon our ear as the sound of many waters, as the voices of old ocean, and pealing to us through eighteen centuries: "there is one Body, and one Spirit, and one Hope, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all"?

DOROTHEA DIX,

THE FRIEND OF THE INSANE.

PRACTICAL philanthropy, true Christian sympathy and moral energy, have not for many centuries singled out a sister of mercy more worthy of universal admiration, or a better exemplar of the heart of the Lord Jesus, than Miss Dix, of Boston in America.

While we at home rejoice in our Florence Nightingale and Mary Carpenter, and a band of good women whose hearts God has touched with tenderness and power to bless the low, the sick and the needy among us, we are not the less pleased to look across the Atlantic and find, in the same family of faith and Christian charity, those who are doing a good work for our race, and especially for the suffering around them there. The services of Miss Dix have not been confined to her own country. Our interest in her labours was first excited a number of years ago by a letter to the *Times* newspaper from the well-known Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, who ascribed the appointment of the LUNACY COMMISSION for Scotland wholly to the exertions of this lady. He said, "It is a great disgrace that the existence of such evils as are brought to light was overlooked by the *clergy*, *officials* and *philanthropists* of my native country, and brought to light by a fragile woman, of such weakly constitution that she can scarcely walk half a mile, an American by birth, a Unitarian by creed,—a person wholly without local influence, and who could have no motive for interference beyond the promptings of a noble benevolence."

Miss Dix was born in Massachusetts about the beginning of the present century, and has spent the chief of her time in and around Boston. She was a very apt scholar, and soon able to gather around her a select school of girls, to whom she was less like a teacher than a loving elder sister. She was for a few years the governess of Dr. Channing's two children and a member of his congregation. She found in Dr. Channing a pastor and friend to direct and encourage her yearning for Christian usefulness. Combined with her active philanthropic spirit there was in her a refined literary taste which has always aided her to interweave with the sternest duties of life and its saddest pages sweet flowers of thought and amaranths of beauty. As early as 1829 she had published two or three useful books which she had prepared in her spare hours. During the last thirty years her life has been chiefly devoted to schemes of benevolence, while her chief energies have been directed towards the amelioration of the condition of the insane, and in plans to give to them the best chances of recovery from this sad disease, or to confer the largest amount of comfort they can possess in this melancholy state. In her enthusiasm for their relief and her keen perception of her peculiar mission, she sees in the family of mankind but two classes of people, the *sane* and the *insane;* the one she sees was made to *do*, and the other to be *done* for. It is said that when she enters a lunatic asylum, it is amazing the power she has over this class of persons. In her appearance it is not strength, dominating physical power, that arrests their attention and quiets their rage; it is entirely another agency, for she is a weak, fragile woman. She is so gentle in her manners, has a remarkably sweet voice and a tenderness of feeling in her tone and suasion that thrills and overpowers the rage of madness—she can tranquillize and calm the infuriated lunatic by her presence. This is a peculiar gift of God to the soul to win success, another illustration of a power possessed by the Saviour and spoken of in the figurative language of the prophet, "The bruised reed he would not break, the smoking flax he would not quench, till he sends forth righteousness unto victory." Nor can we fail to glorify God who has given such power to remedy and outbalance the evils found among us, to have encased in a mortal frame such a compass of tenderness and sweetness, wisdom and pity, that in its presence the lowest of the low have their hearts touched with finer feelings and purer resolves, and the most perturbed spirits are calmed and comforted. She has travelled through all the States of America, as well as visited Europe, and everywhere as she goes along her footsteps are marked with blessings; she seeks out the intelligent and benevolent and all who are likely to aid her mission

of mercy, and she scarcely ever fails to infuse into their hearts the enthusiasm kindled in her own to do good. In the preparation of her Memorials she is plain, graphic and powerful. She draws a picture so truthful and so real of suffering, that the understanding is captivated, the heart is moved, the whole nature of the listener is brought into perfect sympathy with her mission, and feels that no misery is so terrible as that of the raving maniac, that no assistance should be withheld that can lessen this distress. In the company of the learned and of legislators she is the argument of her cause; her zeal and energy, her talent and devotion, her full and perfect knowledge of all the details of her mission on behalf of the insane; for she has so thoroughly learned their condition, she understands their suffering, she sympathizes so completely with their sorrow, that she pleads their cause like a heart-broken wife, an affectionate sister, a weeping child, aided by all the knowledge of cause and cure; pointing her finger at the agencies waiting a word of command to spring at once to misery's relief, they rise and obey her behest. She moved our Parliament to the work we have noted for Scotland, and during two sessions of Congress at Washington she laboured and reasoned with the statesmen of her own country in behalf of the indigent insane till they made her cause their own, and voted in the House of Representatives ten millions of acres of land to be appropriated for this charity. The Bill was lost for a season in the Senate, owing to some informality and want of time.

Let no one despair of doing good because of frailty of frame and the want of robust health. We have already hinted at her physical weakness. She was compelled in 1834 to abandon her school duties through impaired health, and when in this country, at Liverpool, she was confined by a long and dangerous illness. Still every moment of time when able was spent in gathering up valuable information about our charitable and other benevolent establishments. She has not shut herself out from sympathy with other institutions, though for more than a quarter of a century lunatic asylums have had her chief care; she has visited the homes of the poorest of the poor, day after day, learned their tale of weakness, sickness and sorrow, and strengthened and comforted them. She has been a long and constant visitor at poor-houses and houses of refuge and asylums of different kinds, gathered information, imparted knowledge and inspired more zeal for their efficiency and success. She has travelled in her own country equal to a circuit of three times around the globe, to help to found hospitals and to prepare the public mind to take up the cause of the ignorant, weak and suffering. She has stirred up zeal everywhere for her cause; private individuals, public bodies and legislative assemblies have been moved by her representations; their help by her own personal superintendence has been directed into the most profitable channels. The education of the criminals confined in prisons has had a fair share of her attention and zeal. She sees clearly how much of human weakness and suffering spring from lack of knowledge, and her own words are, "That the whole public good must be sought and advanced through those channels which most certainly contribute to the *moral elevation* and the true dignity of the people; and that the relief of the suffering, restoration of health, maintenance of the sick, and the education of the ignorant, are the highest order of things and our primary care."

Such is our incomplete and imperfect sketch of Dorothea Dix. Many a family have had a ray of sweet light thrown upon darkness through her labour; the disconsolate have been comforted, the imprisoned have been instructed and reclaimed, the poor have been visited, the sick relieved, and innumerable asylums in the United States and in Europe for the most sad of diseases have been improved by the industry, genius and zeal of this good woman. Surely there is no one among us all, however blind with theological error or rage, can doubt she shall hear the Saviour say unto her, "Come, thou blessed of my Father; I was sick, and thou didst visit me; I was in prison, and thou didst come unto me: for as much as thou hast done it unto the least of these, thou hast done it unto me; enter into the kingdom prepared for thee."

THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

SOCIAL STATISTICS AND MORAL FACTS.

In our previous number we gave some details of the unhealthily crowded way in which so many of our poorer brethren are lodged; a miserable picture to contemplate, especially when we add that numbers are employed during the day in occupations either unhealthy or unhealthily carried on. The dumb animals useful for food or labour generally belong to some capitalist who is directly interested in their life and health, and hence he endeavours to make adequate provision for them; but the employer has not the same direct interest in the well-being of his labouring people, and generally leaves to them the responsibility of providing their own houses. The poor labourer, not being a capitalist, has little power to help himself, and is very much dependent upon the protection of society to help him to obtain a fit and sanitary dwelling. For the due preservation of health, a human being requires fresh air, warmth and light from the sun, and pure water; and no dwelling can be called a home that has not its share of these, so bounteously supplied by Providence. Both the pores of the skin and the lungs are continually throwing off impurities into the atmosphere, and demanding from it a fresh supply of what is pure and fit to sustain life: to furnish this for the interior of dwellings, it is important that the exterior air be free to circulate, also that the ground be well drained and its surface kept clean. Impure air has a tendency to stagnate about closely-built dwellings and narrow courts. Experience shews that it is healthier to live in houses in wide streets and upon elevated situations.

It is well known that ague and fevers are constant attendants upon the inhabitants of low and swampy lands. Ordinary as well as special diseases are more prevalent in low situations. The cholera, for instance, in 1849, was especially fatal to people living below high-water mark. Out of each 10,000 inhabitants in Lambeth at that elevation it destroyed 163; in Kennington, 8 feet higher, 90; in Brixton, elevated 56 feet, 55; and in Norwood 128 feet above the river, only 5. So at Liverpool, in comparing three ranges of elevation, the mortality proved 211 in the 10,000 in the lowest, 176 in the middle, and 59 in the highest. There is evidently a wise providential arrangement in such epidemics, warning men that the laws of health may not be neglected, and sweeping off those that would produce degeneracy of our race, one-fourth of which is born in unhealthy spots, and brought up regardless of conditions for human amelioration. Statistics and medical experience teach us most conclusively that dry drained land of a certain elevation is the most desirable for the dwellings of the people, purified by the washing rain and the invigorating breeze, and lighted and warmed by the direct rays of the sun. The artificial expedients which are employed in place of nature's pure and simple gifts are but miserable substitutes. The light and heat of the sun play important parts in the chemical operations that are going on around us, and in effecting changes in the animal body. Animal starch is more quickly changed to sugar in sunlight than in dark; light is found to be most important in its effect upon scrofulous persons. In the barracks at St. Petersburg, cases of disease were ascertained to be three times more numerous on the dark side than on that of strong light. In the deep dark gorges of the Swiss valleys, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveller; imperfect speech, deafness and blindness, and other malformations also, afflicting many. From experiments it appears that sunlight and heat increase the quantity of air breathed in a given time, whilst darkness diminished it, the energy or torpidity, of life fluctuating in accordance. In the vegetable kingdom no high form thrives in the absence of light. There is in all places a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are during some part of the day fully exposed to the direct light. In elevated situations and at the sea-side, that lately observed ingredient of the atmosphere termed "ozone" is invariably present, whereas in crowded, unhealthy neighbourhoods it

is scarce: it seems almost equivalent to health, being always present in a healthy atmosphere, and is itself destroyed by the act of decomposing organic poisons.

Soft fresh water for drinking, and an abundant supply for continually cleansing the skin and the clothes, are most important, especially to those engaged in laborious and dirty occupations. We have nature's warning signal that something injurious to health is about us whenever we find disagreeable smells, whether arising from the clothes, the inside or the outside of our dwellings.

Dr. Farr finds that the mortality bears a relative proportion to the density of population; that with a population of only 86 to the square mile, the deaths will be only about 15 in the 1000 living, 172 giving about 18, 255 about 21, 1128 about 24, 3399 about 26 and upwards. The last census tables show that the previous 60 years had more than doubled the population of England and Wales, giving an average of 347 inhabitants to the square mile. A similar increase of population in a like time would raise the mortality by ten per cent., unless active measures are taken to secure for the bulk of the population, who tend to congregate in towns and on limited areas of ground, dwellings constructed in accordance with the best information of the time. Liverpool, with a population considerably more than twice as dense as that of London, shows a mortality of 36 in the 1000, as against 24 in the latter. It is estimated that better sanitary measures would save the working man from one-half of his average sickness of 12 days per annum, which means a loss of one-thirtieth of his income.

During the last twenty years the evils of over-crowded dwellings have been brought before the public, but the efforts hitherto made have been utterly inadequate to counterpoise or overcome them. In the country some landlords have built model cottages for their own regular work-people, often in an expensive way, and not therefore exemplifying what might be done on a remunerative scale; and in various towns, land and building societies have been formed, several blocks of model lodging-houses have been built, and some buildings have been transformed into comfortable dwellings. The Peabody Trustees have completed one of their sets of buildings in London, laying out some £60,000 in accommodating 850 people. Benevolent individuals and employers have done something also in the right direction: all this is but a drop in the ocean of what has to be done. The rookeries and huts that shelter many thousands need entire abolition, never to be re-produced, and some millions of people to be re-housed: new buildings suitable for different classes should be erected, and many of the present buildings should be supplied with light, water and other necessary arrangements for health. In the country, Dr. Hunter estimates that decent cottages might be built in batches at a cost of £50 each, which at 5 per cent. interest would be only one shilling per week, leaving the tenant to pay his own rates, and hence be interested in the rating. But there are difficulties: few landlords are willing to sell or allot land for building purposes; the law does not favour such sales; besides, there is the law of settlement, which ties a man, as it were, to the soil through fear of losing his last resource, a final place in the union, and his claim on the particular one out of the 12,000 parishes which is bound to support him, this is the miserable hope, the goal to which many of our agricultural people have to steer their way through life, the resting-place of their declining years. The Act for the Equalization of Rates of Parishes in a Union is no doubt a step in the right direction.

With regard to towns there are different opinions as to how the evil is to be grappled with; it is mostly admitted that the matter cannot be left entirely to philanthropic or charitable efforts. Since the ordinary laws of demand and supply have failed, some would have the Government to step in and deal at once with the whole question by a strong hand. As in the country some of the upper classes are holders of these miserable dwellings, so also in towns are noble Dukes, members of the upper ten thousand, and even ecclesiastically connected gentlemen, landlords of such property, satisfied to get their income through agents without inquiring too deeply as

to the sources. There are the jealousies of local authorities of any overriding central power, and the doubts raised by those who always fear untried changes: some of the leaders of the working class think, that they ought and can help themselves by co-operative efforts backed by some of the commercial class; that interference by Government and philanthropy will not produce a healthy result. Then, again, there is the question as to whether blocks of buildings in towns should be most encouraged or suburban villages in conjunction with cheap railway fares and dining-halls; whilst *some* maintain that working men should be encouraged to invest their savings in a little freehold, either a cottage or part of a range of buildings, as tending to their permanence and self-respect; *others* contend that they would be the worst of owners, and would allow the property to fall into dilapidation and nuisance: that such property might act as a tie like the law of settlement, unless special facilities of alienation were afforded; and that with such facilities the property would soon be mortgaged or fall into the hands of some speculator, as building-society shares have, there being instances of 3000 tenements falling into the hands of one man. Others think that there is so much apathy amongst the working classes that they would not care to have nor pay for better accommodation; but the fact is that they often do pay exorbitantly; inhabitants of some of the worst places, such as St. Giles's, are paying £6 per annum per thousand cubic feet of lodging room, which is the rate of rental of many a mansion (comfortable middle-class houses letting at one-third of that sum). Mr. Alderman Waterlow and others have practically shewn that good convenient three-roomed tenements may be built for about £150, 7 per cent. upon which would come to about 4*s.* per week. This gentleman we have to thank for Mr. Childers' proposed Bill for loaning Government money on mortgage on such undertakings at a low rate of interest, thus creating the inducement of a better interest for the capitalist or co-operative society to prosecute the work. The profit on the rate of interest on a Government loan, say 1½ per cent. (from 3½ to 5 per cent.), if accumulated for thirty-five years, would repay the entire principal. Besides experiments at home, we have some experience from France; especially is there the Familistery at Guise, built by M. Godin for his 700 work-people, which pays 6 per cent.; here, besides comfortable homes, the inhabitants have a choice of availing themselves of judicious arrangements, for economy of time and labour in household operations, for mental improvement, and for recreation; also the Workmen's Town at Mulhouse, established in 1853, which now has some 618 houses sheltering 5000 people; the houses are sold to the tenants for about £150 each; the payment being made by monthly instalments.

The present magnitude of the evil is such, with a tendency to increase, that a variety of agencies need to be brought to bear upon it at once: the co-operation of the better-paid portion of the working classes may help them, but will not meet the wants of the thousands who live in a condition of hopeless dependence in such quarters as "Jack Ketch's Warren," described in London papers. The Government must be urged to carry some such measure as that of Mr. Mc. Torrens, which would compel local authorities to move wherever cases of necessity can be proved. Impartial sanitary inspectors are wanted with authority to prohibit the use of buildings for dwelling purposes which have not the elements of life and health about them and a certain standard of comfort: unwholesome dwellings not only injure the physical condition, like unwholesome food, which is prohibited, but both the physical and moral condition of the people. Holders of land and houses need to be made to feel the responsibilities of their position.

There is a wide scope for the active and intelligent efforts of the educated of every class in dealing with this question: by improved legislation, by promoting the erection of better buildings both in town and country, by the greater dispersion of manufactories, and by diffusing such a knowledge of the laws of health, combined with a truer sense of self-respect as shall make even the poorest feel the paramount necessity of living in none other than a decent home, adequately supplied with light, air and water.

FIDELITY AND COURTESY.

Every age has had its temptations to evil, and the present is not without some dangers to the frank and courteous expression of our religious faith. We do not think it wise to be ever obtruding our Unitarianism upon all we meet. There is a time and a place for everything, and without we take counsel of circumstances we may render both ourselves and our views offensive. There are persons, we know, of other religious persuasions who are always talking about their *souls* and their *religion*, till their company is avoided, and their talk is regarded as mere *cant*. We must avoid this extreme, and pay that deference and respect to others' views and feelings we always wish to be shewn to our own. There is a candour and wisdom, a gentleness and benevolence, a courtesy and sympathy, as well as a bold and manly profession, calculated to promote and diffuse the views so dear to us. So much, then, for courtesy; but it is chiefly an opposite weakness, and *timidity* rather than an excess of courage, we have some reason at present to dread. When Unitarians were *bitterly* persecuted, a fearless profession, an outspoken and manly defence, were the result: now things are much smoother, and we begin to see the fruit in effeminacy. We are told our differences are so very inconsiderable, that we may now abandon our open and distinctive position, so bravely maintained for nearly one hundred years. The fruit of their labours now appear; we are supposed to be within sight of a fair and equal standing and respect among the churches, and we may haul down our banner and sacrifice our honest name of *Unitarian* for some fruitless privileges of fraternization we may possibly experience if we but extinguish our name and hide our light under a bushel. We trust no such counsel will be taken. Our business in this world is less with results and a wide range of sympathies than with truth and righteousness. We have no higher mission from God than the discovery of truth and the open avowal of it—the simple declaration in one representative word of all that truth, if such a word can be found, though it be not smooth to error's ear. Our Christianity has taught us little, if it has not taught us this. We counsel our readers to desert no cause for its unpopularity, to forsake no path because it is unfashionable, to abandon no name because it has been insulted and wronged. The first Christians had a cross to bear in the name "Christian," and our cross for a little longer may be the name "Unitarian." It is an honest and a significant name, therefore should not be given up. Honourable as is the "Christian" name, and we trust ever will be, there is an immense difference in the merit of professing Christianity now and the time when Paul said "he was not ashamed of Christ." The open prayer of a Pharisee at Jerusalem, where it was fashionable to be pious, was worthless, compared with the open prayer of Daniel, where he was forbidden under pain of death to pray to Jehovah. So we find the moral heroism of history and the exalted virtues of our race, the deeds justly characterized the noblest and best, have been those of a manly and open profession and practice of what was unpopular and even illegal at the time, because it was deemed by the confessor to be true.

At present nothing but a sense of duty and honesty on our part make us cling to any denominational name. The same feeling may possibly actuate others among us to abandon such names. We are in no love with sectarian names. They are like many things at present we are bound to endure and would willingly cast off if with a good conscience this could be done. We sincerely wish for the time when we shall be but one fold under one name and shepherd. The time is not yet; so we ask our friends of kindred religious thought, while they are courteous towards all of opposing views, and have even learned the spirit of the Saviour, to bless those who curse us and do good to those who in their public and religious services condemn us,—at the same time we ask fidelity to conviction in the expression of religious truth, and to give no uncertain name to the class of religious doctrines which distinguish our churches, and are now generally known among all churches by the name of "Unitarian Christianity."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE POOR HUNCHBACK.—Almost every hour in the crowded walks of a great city, the observing may learn some lesson of patience and piety from the poor and wretched. There passed upon the side-walk, alone, a poor hunchback; his face looked old, and marked by the wear and tear of time's heavy sorrows; otherwise he appeared a child of tender years. He walked slow and sad, and started with affright as he met a number of rough, coarse and brutal boys. One hung his hat upon the hunch upon his back, and the others laughed. He turned, and with a look that might have clouded the visage of the Man of Sorrows, looked at them with his large, earnest, tearful eye, and told them in a few sad words the story of his great misfortune, his sufferings and pains, and how the accident occurred in his childhood. Their hearts were won, their sympathies gained, and they gathered around him, each with a tender inquiry and a pitying word, and then passed on better boys—taught this first, last great lesson of a Saviour's love from the lips of one of his little ones, "Pity the poor."

HOW TO APPRECIATE WIVES.—According to the laws of the Greek Church, its clergy may marry once; but if the wife dies they are not allowed to choose a successor, a strange interpretation of St. Paul's injunction to the young bishop of Ephesus (1 Tim. iii. 2). It is said, and may easily be believed, that this gains for the lady a larger amount of respect and attention than is usually the lot of her sex in the East. A gentleman residing in Syria was exceedingly surprised on once entering the house of a leading priest to find him engaged in washing the linen of the household; and on inquiring the reason of such an apparently unclerical occupation, the reverend papa replied: "I do this to save my wife labour, that she may live the longer; for you know, O Kyrie, that the law of our church does not permit me to have another, and I wish to keep this as long as I can."

HUMANITARIAN PROGRESS.—A complete change of system will be shortly introduced in the madhouses of France. Strait waistcoats, and all the other instruments hitherto used, are to be abolished, and the patients will live together and be constantly occupied at some useful work. The experiment has been tried at the lunatic asylum at Blois with great success.

SPAIN.—If there is any country in Europe where for centuries the clergy have been omnipotent, it is Spain. If they loved instruction, they would have scattered it broadcast over the nation. But how different has it been! The recent statistics of Spain make known this lamentable fact, that in a population of 15,658,586 inhabitants, there are 11,828,523, who neither know how to read or write. This signifies in other words that only 25 out of every 100 in Spain know how to read.

NEARLY A MILLION.—The *Star* estimates the amount received in salaries, fees, &c., by the late Rev. Robert Moore, £753,657. He was rector of Hunton, rector of Hollingbourn, rector of Eynesford, rector of Latchingdon, canon residentiary in Canterbury Cathedral, formerly registrar of the Will office in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, and at one time domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

JESUS WAS ONE.—"What trade are you going to learn?" I asked a little boy one day. "Me?" asked the little fellow, looking up as if surprised at the question. "Why, I'm going to be a carpenter." "Are you sure? Do you think you shall like that business?" "Why, yes; I had rather be a carpenter than anything else, for Jesus was one." That boy loves Jesus, I thought to myself; and I only hope that he will try to be like him in *every* particular. I hope he will be as mild, and patient, and kind, and forgiving, as obedient and truthful and pure as Jesus was.

I'D RATHER CARRY IT.—Going from market one day, we observed a very small boy, who gave no special indication, by dress or face, of other than ordinary training in life, carrying a basket that was so heavy as nearly to bear him down beneath it. We observed, "My boy, you have a heavy load." "Yes," said he, "but I'd rather carry it than that my mother should." The remark was one of a nature we love to hear; but we do not know that we should have thought enough of it to have chronicled it, had we not seen across the street a highly accomplished young lady playing the piano while her mother was washing the windows.

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